

FOR A REFUGEE

DIANA SKALA

The rowan grows in Canada
And in the lovely plain
Where grass is greener far than here,
Above the countless slain,

Kalinas¹ fling their challenge
On Poland's autumn air,
Their laughter and their courage
To famine and despair.

Oh, grant, the brute, barbarian feet
May be a memory,
A tale for all the world to read
In its past history,

Oh, grant! when swallows turn once more,
And ecstasy of rain
Runs piercingly on flaming feet,
In Spring's own land again.

(1) The Rowan or Mountain Ash. plural: